

IN THE WAKE OF THE GAME
By Gus Malbert

Perverse indeed is a game. Here are racing Colts winning ball games at a surprising rate, both on our own heather and in foreign and home yards, and still we can find no one to tip the game. It is the least kind of a game in the place higher up. Cause? Why? I can't guess. Norfolk takes it to be a game, and that pesky Ulsterman can refuse to lose.

The heat that could possibly be done by

Ray Ryan was a game wren, a game kest and a game fled against the Goobers, and now he was up from Shipville M. Matthews and the young men who bought straw bats out of his till and wallop the living sex off Petersburg. All of this in spite of the fact that Heine Busch whispered to us that he

**BAY GELDING HOLIDAY
WINS PREAKNESS STAKE**

Coming momentarily back to Heintz Busch and his methods, some of which may not appear strange to those who have seen him at work, it is interesting to note that he has been working over in Petersburg. However times do change, as the venerable, now departed, John Jasper used to opine.

Pimlico, Md., May 21.—Before the largest mid-week crowd of the season, Archibald Barklie's bay gelding Holiday won the Preakness stake

praised the popular humorist, for instance, this afternoon. The Pecksniff is the most important three-year-old ever ridden by a girl, and the paper named Simmons and a fast boy with it all, and substituting therefore in moments of stress a pitcher as a pinch clubman. Helme does things not by rote, but by what he deems right, at the moment. For instance, in explaining why he pulled Simmons out of the play last Wednesday he said: "I thought

And he wasn't swinging at the ball right. The best he could do was to poop up a couple. He had been hitting the ball hard I would not have taken him out. I was ready to yank myself and put in another pitcher if the tying run had not been across."

Another of the Bushmills that came our way while traversing the distance from the bayside to the work-bench was this choice

"I don't ask for the best ball club in the league to win games. Give me just an average club, and if they'll play one of our baseballs I'll tell them to play I'll win games. It isn't always the best club that wins. It's the club that's in there fighting and pulling stuff all of the time."

Any real good second baseman not working
may be able to interest the Petersburg
leader.

—LINES TO UMPIRE CHILL.
There's nothing in a name, and still
it's wonderful strange, I wot.
That one who bears the name of Chill
Can wear the jersey suit.—George E.
Pfahr, in New York American.

Jackie's, 'tis nothing strange, methinks.
Better back back.

Old Chin can chit iron cars.

Another wild rumor overheard in the press box is to the effect that Joe Laughlin is dickering with the Portsmouth owners for a managerial berth. Joe has wanted to lead

was forced out of Danline. There is no question about Laughlin's ability as a catcher, but as a manager there may be several opinions advanced.

Baseball players drawing pay from the organized racket were certainly paying in to the

ban park of the Federal League when the Reds played an exhibition game in Washington last Sunday. The players were compelled to buy tickets before being admitted to the grounds. The reason given was that Fed players were ruthlessly turned down in the West when seeking admission to several parks.

One chance at an international champion-

ship has gone a-glimmering, as the last American players were put out at Wimbledon yesterday. With the fall of Evans went the last hope. There yet remain tennis, polo and billiards wherewith to retrieve our athletic prowess. Quimet, the conqueror of Vaden and Ray, was an easy victim, and the

Others, though performing the best they could were unable to cope with their British opponents.

You've got to slip it to Buck Herzog. With unquestionably the poorest material in the National League he has kept his club up in the van thus far, and gives every evidence of being able to keep the pace he has set for himself. Herzog is following closely

Paul N. Friedlaender

the jump on the other fellow. It is half the battle to have your opponent on the defensive, and this method of attack has won several pennants for McGraw. While a manager may not be all of a baseball, there is a very considerable portion, as witness the success of McGraw, Chance, Mack and Clarke, of New York Chicago (Chance formerly managed the Cubs when they were winners), and Charles and Ebbetts, representing Eastern and Southern Dist.

New York, N. Y.

ively, the quartet of titles that has practically held a monopoly of pennants in the past decade.

Clark Griffith is talking pennant again, now that he is within hailing distance of the Tigers. Griff must bolster a little more offensive strength before he can hope to cop the race. His attack is woefully weak, and but for extraordinary pitching he would be

Studebaker
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far in the rack. His defensive machine is about the best geared of any in the big show, but he can hardly hope to duplicate the feat of the White Sox when they won the rag after being dubbed the "hitless wonders." In Ayers and Shaw, Griff was lucky enough to pick up two wonderful pitchers, and they will give him good pitching to the end of the season, but good pitching alone doesn't win ball games. There must be a

punch uncovered once in a while, and so far the Climbers have failed to show that punch when it was needed.

MILITANTS IN FIERCE BATTLE WITH POLICE

(Continued From First Page.)



ried her inside the park gate and she shouted:

"That is right. Arrest me at the gates of the palace. Tell the King."

In all fifty-seven persons were arrested, including three men. A dozen suffragettes, in the small police station at Wellington Arch broke every window

in the place and acted so violently they were removed to larger stations, where there are more police to guard them.

Mrs. Pankhurst was taken to Holloway Jail for breaking the terms of the license under which she was last released.

The police raided a West End flat

to-night and arrested four militants, who, it is charged, intended to start a window-smashing campaign as a protest against the rout of the palace deputation.

"General" Mrs. Flora Drummond, who was sent to Holloway Jail on May 15 for counselling on the streets of the capital.

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